The TV movie about *Joni* lends importance to the book by that name. It is the unforgettable story of a young woman's struggle against quadriplegia and depression. The readership is now well into the second million. 3.95 postpaid.

Ann Kiemel teaches her readers how to love. And you will love her when you read *I Love The Word Impossible* at 3.45 postpaid.

David Hubbard, Old Testament scholar and president of Fuller Seminary, has written an insightful little volume on *More Psalms for all Seasons,* which he subtitles "Expressions of the believing heart." 1.95 postpaid.

If pounds are interferring with the good life for you or someone you love, *The Fat Is In Your Head,* could change things for you. 2.75 postpaid.

We owe it to ourselves to be posted on the plight of the boat people Stan Mooneyham's *Sea of Heartbreak* may wrench your heart, but it will inform you on what every intelligent Christian should know about the world Christ died to make whole. 3.45 postpaid.

Christians Only by James DeForest Murch is a history of the Restoration Movement. It recounts the more recent divisions that have left the Movement with three major churches. 6.50 postpaid.

John Willis of Abilene Christian University has prepared a readable and informative *Introduction* (it might be called) to the Old Testament, entitled *The World and Literature of the Old Testament.* You will especially appreciate the chapter on the Christian use of the OT. 9.95 postpaid.

Anything George Eldon Ladd writes is worth reading, and this includes his study on Jesus' second coming, *The Blessed Hope.* His chapter on "Watch" will interest you. 3.45 postpaid. Along with this you might study *The Meaning of the Millennium,* which sets forth four views, Ladd's premillennial view being one of them. 4.75 postpaid.

For 1.95 we will send you a tender little volume on William Barclay's *A Spiritual Autobiography,* which you may want to read twice like I did. You will laugh and weep, especially when he tells how he handled the tragic death of his daughter and her betrothed, who died in a boating accident. We also have his larger, 2-volume set *Daily Celebration,* 6.95 and 5.95 respectively, and you can buy them a volume at a time if you wish. They are wisdom-packed volumes from long years of study.

If this little journal is meaningful to you, it might be to some of your friends. In clubs of five or more the rate is only 2.00 per name per year, new or renewal.

At the suggestion of a reader we are now informing you by way of a hand stamp a month in advance of your expiration date. The stamp reads *Your Sub. Expires Next Issue. Please Renew at Once.*

If you do not renew, another hand stamp will inform you on the next month's issue that *Your Sub. Expires With This Issue. Please Renew at Once.* We hope you heed the first notice, but if you disregard them both, we will assume that you do not opt to continue as a reader and will remove your name. But you can renew or extend your sub anytime, such as when you send in a club.

Cecil Hook
1550 Hulsache
New Braunfels TX 78130

In Jail p. 138

RESTORATION REVIEW

Law and grace mutually nullify each other (Rom. 4:14). Law administers justice while grace offers mercy. Since Christ came to bestow mercy, law leaves no room for him. But the Saviour was promised to Abraham. Hence, the promise could not come through law.

What a lesson this should be for those who regard Christianity as another legal religion, and who have much to say about a "new law" taking the place of the "old law." — *K. C. Moser, Gist of Romans, p. 34*

Vol. 22, No. 7 **Leroy Garrett, Editor** **September, 1980**

With All the Mind . . .

COMMON SENSE: WHAT TO DO WITH IT

In his popular little book *Mere Christianity,* C. S. Lewis talks about seven virtues, four cardinal virtues and three theological virtues. The cardinal virtues are prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude; the theological virtues are faith, hope, and charity. He rightly observes that the cardinal virtues are recognized by all civilized people, while the theological virtues are known only by Christians.

But he might have added that the cardinal virtues can take on special meaning to a Christian and may come to have depth that people generally can hardly appreciate, especially when they are tied to the virtues that are distinctly Christian. Justice, for instance, may be seen as love distributed, and has such a meaning to the believer that he sees Christ as somehow the answer to such problems as racism, political corruption, drug addiction, crime in the streets. Fortitude or courage is always respected when it manifests itself, but it becomes a special kind of virtue when it is motivated by faith.

So it is with prudence, which Lewis defines as common sense. However much the world may esteem good sense, it takes on special virtue when it is sanctified by faith, hope, and love. And this is part of what we are saying in this article: common sense can be hallowed by the Christian virtues.

Lewis sees common sense as thinking out what one is doing and what is likely to come of it. But he fears that many Christians do not think of common sense as a virtue, for they suppose that they are to be *good* rather than clever. After all, aren't Christians to be like children! Lewis, however, sees children as very prudent, especially in things that interest them, perhaps more than adults. When Jesus teaches us to be like children, Lewis notes, he does not intend that we remain as children in *intelligence.* He wants us to have a child's heart but an adult's head. After all, Jesus not only urges that we be harmless like doves but also wise like serpents. God certainly has a place for folk with little sense, but he intends that we use what sense he has given us. Lewis wisely notes that Christianity itself is an educational experience, that being a Christian has a way of honing the mind. Otherwise uneducated believers like John Bunyan could not write books that are a marvel to the world.

Address all mail to: 1201 Windsor Drive, Denton, Tx. 76201

RESTORATION REVIEW is published monthly, except July and August, at 1201 Windsor Drive, Denton, Texas. Entered as second class mail, Denton, Tx. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $4.00 a year, or two years for $7.00; in clubs of five or more (mailed by us to separate addresses) $2.00 per name per year. (USPS 044450). POSTMASTER: Send address changes to RESTORATION REVIEW, 1201 Windsor Dr., Denton, Tx. 76201.

This time around we have some suggestions on how we might better sanctify our common sense and exercise it to the glory of God. These may be more practical than those commonly found in logic texts.

1. *Consider that you may be wrong.*

Oliver Cromwell wrote to the Church of Scotland during the crisis of revolution: "Consider by the bowels of Christ that you might possibly be wrong." Many of us are slow to accept what common sense dictates, *that we are all fallible.* It always applies to the other fellow but hardly to ourselves. Parents lose nothing in conceding to their children, or teachers to their pupils, that they may be wrong. After all, nobody is a parent enough times or a teacher long enough to become inerrant. A preacher is wise to say *I don't know* when he doesn't know, even if it is frequent. He speaks with *more* authority that way, not less, if he is a person who is growing in knowledge.

When I asked Dr. Nakarai of Emmanuel School of Religion how he came to know Jesus in his native Japan, he told me about the Disciple missionary that impressed him so deeply that he began to investigate the Christian faith. He was teaching the missionary Japanese and had occasion to ask him about the burning bush that Moses saw. "How do you explain that it was never consumed by the fire?," he asked him. *I can't explain it,* said the missionary, *I simply accept it by faith.* Nakarai explained that a Japanese teacher would *never* say he did not know something, and when that missionary admitted ignorance and appealed to faith, it was the beginning of a new life for Nakarai. And thank God for that, for that scholarly brother has blessed many.

2. *Realize that you probably do not have all the facts.*

It could be added: even if you do have all the facts, so what? Knowledge (facts) does not necessarily solve problems. Paul even complains that "Knowledge puffs up," while it is love that builds up. It is wisdom (sanctified common sense) that the church must have if it blesses the world. T. S. Eliot in *The Rock* asks, "Where is the life we have lost in living? Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge." The poet even suggests that all our knowledge only brings us nearer to our ignorance. Until we can *think critically* (both words are crucial) about ourselves wisdom will elude us. And will we really find God in facts or in being right? We of course win all the debates. So what? We are not enough like that despised publican that smote his breast and cried out, *God, be merciful to me, a sinner*! That is common sense, *sanctified* common sense.

3. *Beware of feeling!*

While emotions are vital to both physical and spiritual health, we must remember that they are unreliable, even deceptive. "The heart is deceitful above all things," Jer. 17:9 assures us, which refers to the emotions, especially when they are not tempered by God's revelation to the human

mind. When we say "I feel it in my heart," we must make sure that the heart is informed by what God has revealed. Our "gut feeling" is sometimes right and often wrong, and there is no way for us to "feel" our way into pleasing God. We please God by doing his will, and we can't do his will without knowing his will. I am made uneasy by folk who say that God tells them to do this or to do that. If I cannot translate that to mean that after searching the scriptures they conclude that they should do such and such, then they lose me. I cannot see that God is "telling" someone what to do when that person is simply using the good sense that God has given him.

They say things like "God told us to buy this house." If you ask them to explain just how God told them, it gets down to feelings, dreams, visions, intuition — what the philosophers call *subjectivism.* Does the God of heaven serve as a real estate broker? True, he leads us into new experiences and he works for our good in all things, as the scriptures assure us, but it is presumptuous for us to claim that he *speaks* to us, except through his son and his prophets (Heb. 1:1-2). True, the Holy Spirit, whose mission is to "enlighten our inner eyes" (Eph. 1:18) may lead us to recall or rearrange or more deeply understand what is already revealed, or it may lead us to read a book or meet someone or go somewhere so as to turn us in a different direction. And, yes, God may lead one, through various means, to find and buy a certain house. But this is hardly "visions and revelations of the Lord" (2 Cor. 12:1) that an apostle of Christ can properly refer to.

Somewhere in his writings C. S. Lewis refers to the "poison of subjectivism." He could have called it illogical, irrational, and irresponsible as well as poisonous. It is illogical because it is self-contradictory, making God "say" one thing to one and something just the opposite to another. It is irrational in that it is grounded on sheer presumption, for it makes someone's "feeling" a revelation of God. One only needs to respond with "I *don't* feel what you feel." It is irresponsible in that it equates mystical and emotional experiences with the real, objective revelation that God has vouchsafed to man. It is indeed poisonous in that it negates the apostolicity of the church. If any and every believer becomes an envoy of heaven, receiving directions straight from God, then the great principle of the church being built upon "the foundation of the apostles and prophets" loses all meaning.

God has blessed us with common sense, given as a *means* to the good life, not as an end in itself. Our common sense should always be in school, like any good pupil, learning by experience and always studying the textbook. Our "horse sense" thus learns from three books, the book of nature, the book of human nature, which includes experience, and the Book of God's revelation. And it is the Bible that undergirds and controls

the whole. This is what sanctifies common sense, or "renews the mind," as Paul puts it in Rom. 12:2. It is the mind schooled by God that touches the emotions, thus enrolling one's feelings for the service and glory of God.

When Paul walked among the idols in Corinth, "his spirit (emotions) was stirred within him." His emotions were stirred up because his mind had waked up. Peter sought to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance" (2 Pet. 3:1) because he realized that it takes both an informed mind and a caring heart for faith to be real.

The worst kind of fallacy, therefore, is to make feelings the first frame of reference. While feelings are important, even vitally important, they are always to be influenced by the revealed word. Not the other way around! — *the Editor*

Drama in Denton . . .

FRUSTRATING THE GRACE OF GOD

It *is* drama when a "conservative" Church of Christ preacher stands before a gathering of "liberal" Church of Christ ministers and pleads for a position that proves far too *liberal* for the "liberals"!

And what is more liberal than the grace of God? The position set forth was that man has always been justified, under any dispensation, by faith apart from works of law, and most certainly in the Christian dispensation. Emphasizing "We reckon therefore that a man is justified by faith apart from the works of the law" (Rom. 3:28), he went on to say that Churches of Christ generally hold a law-gospel position, which, he charged (quoting R. C. Bell of Abilene of yesteryear) is neither law nor gospel. Further quoting the now-deceased Prof. Bell, he said: "The church has never committed her greatest blunder, nor suffered her greatest failure and defeat had she not faithlessly combined the principle of law and grace to concoct a law-gospel."

The preacher was Arnold Hardin, who ministers to the Scyene Rd. Church of Christ (2920 Prairie Creek, Dallas 75227) from which he issues a bulletin, *The Persuader,* in which he deals at length with the issue now being dubbed "imputation of righteousness." You may receive the bulletin for the asking. Arnold, who is an old friend of mine, is usually associated with *conservative, non-institutional, anti-Herald of Truth* churches (use what term you will), even if his relation with them has come upon hard times, not because he is saying anything different about the "institutional" issue but because of what he is saying about the grace of God. But in the Denton gathering, where he laid his views before "liberals," he faired not one whit better.

Viewing the discussion philosophically as well as doctrinally, I saw something significant taking place. Here was a man from the far right wing of the Church of Christ, standing before 30 or 40 preachers who would not allow him in their pulpits (the gathering was at a cafeteria), calling for freedom from legalism and a recovery of the gospel of the grace of God. It was like the voice of Alexander Solzhenitsyn from behind the Iron Curtain, witnessing for freedom and moral values at a level that challenges the free world as few voices ever have. The ministers, some of whom were from the schools of preaching, would have suspected such a plea coming from some "wild-eyed liberal" from California, but not from an "anti" in Dallas. But God in history often lays such blessings on a humanity suffering from legal oppression, Saul of Tarsus being not the least, whom Arnold Hardin appropriately quoted: "I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain" (Gal. 2:21).

This is the size of it, *frustrating* the grace of God. The grace of God would have its way with us if we would but turn loose. From the outset man has sought to be God or partly God, or to save himself or partly save himself. Satan has sold us a bill of goods in the fallacy that what we do somehow gains brownie points in our climb to heaven. It is common among our people to suppose that going to church, visiting the sick, reading the Bible, and sharing our wealth *merits* us something. God is obligated to save us because we have been baptized!

I'm not easily shocked anymore, but the response made to brother Arnold's presentation, which was reasonable, responsible, and eminently scriptural, was shocking. The young Texas preacher who responded was a classic example of the fallacy called *argumentum ad populum,* which directs the argument "To the people" or "to the gallery" rather than the facts. He was out to defend his fellow preachers against the "attack" of one who was only building a straw man, as he put it. It was the old role of hatchet man coming to the defense of the party. Rather than carefully analyzing the relevant texts, he carelessly charged brother Hardin with such doctrinal consequences as "eternal security," "faith only," and all or some of the five points of Calvinism. In an obvious appeal "to the gallery" of preachers he accused Arnold of being "sincerely dishonest" (before God, those were his words!) in his criticism of gospel preachers. He ignored the fact that the criticism that our preachers are preaching a law-gospel came not so much from Arnold, as from highly respected Church of Christ preachers of yesteryear whom he had quoted, R. C. Bell and G. C. Brewer.

The reader is to be informed in this context that there are currently two unpardonable sins according to many of our preachers. One is divorce. The other is to criticize Church of Christ preachers. Since they do indeed preach, as R. C. Bell and G. C. Brewer charged, a law-gospel, "which is neither law nor gospel," they have to be right about everything. Law

allows no room for error, you know, and grace only provides the "source," leaving us to do the rest by our obedience and good works. It is a hard way to live, especially when we have to be right on all "the issues" or go to hell. To criticize those who preside over such a religion is of course unthinkable and unpardonable, and we can only conclude that Arnold Hardin got what he deserved. So, without the blessings of his fellow ministers, he is left only with the grace of God. Since Philip. 3:9 is one of his favorite texts, maybe he will make it without clerical blessings. Have you read it lately? "And be found in Christ, not having a righteousness of my own, based on law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness of God that depends on faith."

The idea that righteousness is imputed to us of God through Christ seems to be a problem to my brethren. But in this passage the apostle sees no other righteousness. We only need to ask ourselves, *Have I a righteousness of my own?* If you answer yes, then you don't need Christ. If you answer no, then the righteousness you have has to be imputed, or given to you by another. I am amazed that a gospel preacher would imply that we are righteous by our own good deeds. Through faith Christ imputes to us righteousness or justification, and because of this we do righteous things. It is not that we are righteous because we do righteous things.

Sometimes in these Denton preachers' meetings I become "the issue," just by being present. But this time around Arnold Hardin was sufficient for their attention, though I did get into the action by way of a handout. A brother from one of the schools of preaching is seeking to dilute the influence of K. C. Moser's *The Gist of Romans,* and since this affair was an exposure of "the grace heresy," he did his share by passing out his analysis of brother Moser's book. One of the bad things he says about our deceased brother is that his definition of the gospel is what Carl Ketcherside and Leroy Garrett have been saying, which is of course in some circles one way to "poison the well," still another fallacy. *Is Moser right in his definition of the gospel?* is the question, not whether he happens to agree with a couple of renegades.

But the brother is right in concluding that all this hangs upon the nature of the gospel. Brother Moser says in that book that the gospel is what God has done through Christ — "what he did for sinners" — glad tidings, and not the word of God in general. These brethren, in order to carve out a law-gospel, make all of the New Testament scriptures the gospel, which enables them to make even "the issues" part of the gospel, whether it be the right position on instrumental music, missionary societies, or whatever. If you are wrong on one point of doctrine you are therefore wrong on the gospel!

I was convinced as I walked away from that meeting that we have a case of "gospel" preachers not knowing what the gospel is! If a person is "wrong" about when to take the Lord's Supper or what day of the week to put his money in a plate, he is unfaithful to the gospel! No wonder R. C. Bell would say such preaching is neither law nor gospel. Well, at least it isn't gospel, it may be law!

But this handout, written by a teacher of gospel preachers, says an astounding thing. It says that "the most serious problem" in brother Moser's book is that it denies that Jesus was a lawgiver. Have we so abused the scriptures as to suppose that God nailed one law to the cross only to give us another law? God forbid! Are we so caught up in our doctrines as to suppose that we can be saved by *any* law, even a law that Christ would bring. Rom. 6:15 says "We are not under law but under grace." If Christ brought a law to save us, then he need not have died. We would only need to keep that law perfectly, and man can keep no law perfectly, whether given by Jesus or Moses. And so Paul asks in Rom. 3:27, *On what principle are we saved?* "On the principle of works?," he asks, referring to *any* works. "No, but on the principle of faith," he answers, and then says: "We hold that a man is justified by faith, apart from the works of law." Apparently a lot of our ministers do not "hold" what the apostle held.

But there was some good news at the meeting, along with the urgent call from Arnold Hardin that we not frustrate the grace of God. There were a few there (and many elsewhere) who are tired of being lawyers and are wondering if the brother from "anti" country doesn't have something — or *Somebody*! — *the Editor*

Highlights in Restoration History . . .

THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO ATTEND HIS OWN FUNERAL

The title is not exactly accurate, but it was something like that. Jacob Creath, Jr., who was born in Virginia in 1799, was truly a man of the Book and one who had a passion to be like Christ, even in death. Since Jesus had no funeral, he did not want one. So when he died in 1886, after preaching for 60 years, mostly in Missouri, his wife carried out his instructions. He was laid in a simple wooden box, with his New Testatment and a copy of Campbell's *Living Oracles* pillowing his head. Brethren laid him to rest in an unmarked grave. No funeral. To further keep the record straight he wrote his own obituary!

He was a volatile, reckless man, sometimes speaking and writing without thinking, but he virtually worshipped Alexander Campbell. When he got in trouble with a brother who was also a county official, he wrote a pamphlet about the man, exposing the unfair way he had been treated. The official responded in like manner, pamphlet against pamphlet, a classic example of the church showing its dirty linen to the world. Both men were willing to let Campbell serve as arbitrator. Reading the debate between the two brothers while afloat on the Mississippi, his highway between North and South, Campbell was appauled by the oppressive language. He conceded that Creath had been treated harshly, especially at a time when he was nursing a dying wife (who had fallen from a horse), but that he should never have published the pamphlet in retaliation, but if so "in a style more consonant to the genius and spirit of the Christian religion." That is the way Campbell had to write, even when rebuking folk!

Creath tells of how he and Campbell got caught in a fierce storm while traveling from Lexington to Nashville. With trees falling around them they began singing:

How are thy servants bless'd, oh Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide;
Their help Omnipotence.

They not only survived, but did so gloriously, baptizing lots of people in various missions in Kentucky and Tennessee. He journeyed with Campbell now and again, including Campbell's only tour deep into Missouri, which in 1845 was pioneer country. Even so the Movement had 196 churches reporting to the state meeting, and T. M. Allen wrote to the *Millennial Harbinger* (Vol. 16, p. 569) that Missouri had 15,000 members. He tells how 4,000 heard Campbell in Columbia, with 1,000 breaking bread together. Both Creath and Allen tell how Campbell often spoke in Methodist and Presbyterian buildings and how he was frequently the guest of leading clergymen.

Creath tells of seeing Campbell for the last time in Memphis when the reformer had passed his threescore and ten. But there was another distinguished visitor in town at that time, Prof. O. S. Fowler, a New York phrenologist. While this science of determining character by the shape and protuberances of the skull is now in disrepute, it was then more than a fad, believed in by the small and great alike in that day, including Campbell. Fowler read the skulls of both Creath and Campbell, the latter being persuaded by Mrs. Campbell, who wanted it for posterity. Both readings were said to be amazingly accurate, especially coming from a total stranger. But each had its amusing side.

What the phrenologist said of Creath could be said of many a man: he was a ladies' man who almost worshipped the opposite sex; he was

thoroughly sexed and preeminently manly. Campbell's reading somehow fell into the hands of one of his adversaries, Dr. John Thomas, a heretic within the Movement, who summarized it: he is stubborn as a mule; personal ambition placed him head of a sect, and his conscience was not strong enough to counter his ambition. But the actual reading was ambivalent enough (like modern horoscopes?) that one could read it either way. Mrs. Campbell seemed to be pleased, and she might have teased her husband over the line that described him as having "great argumentative powers and a strong appetite"! The point that impressed me was the judgment that Campbell had indefatigable energy and was never sick. It is true that he never went to bed sick except to die. Reading back into that age one gets the impression that they had a lot of fun out of phrenology.

Jacob Creath, Jr. (Jacob Creath, Sr. was his uncle, not his father) stands tall in our history as a pioneer who planted many churches, especially in Missouri where the cause grew strong. He started our first church in St. Louis, and everywhere he went Disciples multiplied. When he first visited Shelby County, Mo., for example, there were but nine of our people. When he left there were 200. He went to Monticello, Mo. when we had no church, but he soon had a large congregation which ultimately produced three other congregations. He claimed to be the first to preach the primitive gospel in Minnesota. A meeting in Monmouth, Illinois, when 75 were baptized, had a telling moral impact on the town. His was obviously an age far different from our own.

Beside Campbell, he labored beside the renowned preachers of our early history: Raccoon John Smith, John T. Johnson, Barton W. Stone, T. M. Allen. He and his aged uncle, Jacob Sr., sat with Raccoon John Smith when all three were tried and condemned without a hearing by the Elkhorn Baptist Association of Kentucky for not preaching Baptist doctrine. As each man attempted to speak a word of defense he was shouted down by the house. The elder Creath managed to refer to his 40 years in the ministry and to the fact that never before had he seen men condemned without a hearing. This was typical of the Baptist reaction to our pioneers who made some effort to stay where they were and work for reform. For the most part they were forced out and eventually became a separate church.

The Life of Jacob Creath, Jr. by P. Donan makes interesting reading, not only from the viewpoint of our history but as Americana as well. It tells of Creath's visit to Lexington in 1833 during an epidemic of cholera. He found the streets empty and the houses barred. Upwards of 700 died of the disease, 40 of them near Creath's farm home. He tells how he found the Psalms of great comfort to him during those dark days.

That same year he saw in Lexington what came to be known as "the falling of the stars," which excited man and beast alike. His horse became

so excited that he had to dismount. People panicked, supposing it to be the end of the world, some confessing that they were not ready.

Living through the Civil War, his life reflects the insanity of that dreadful episode. He tells how a Confederate general took one Andrew Allsman (a Disciple incidentally) from his home and, for some reason, executed him. The Federal general in the area decided that ten Confederates should pay for the crime with their lives, so ten soldiers that he had in custody were given the death sentence. Creath was allowed to minister to them during those days before their execution. It is a heart-rending account.

They wept as Creath talked with them, urging them to prepare to meet God by forgiving their enemies. Only one refused to do so, insisting that he was being killed unjustly and he could not forgive his murderers. He tells of young Lt. Sidener, a cultured gentleman who was soon to be married. Still in the bloom of youth, tall and handsome, he could not control his weeping. He did not want to die, having so much to live for. Creath sat down beside him and wept with him. At last, when death was certain, the lieutenant dressed himself in his splendid wedding suit of black broadcloth, with white satin vest, insisting that if he couldn't marry in it, he would be murdered in it.

When they shot him he fell toward his enemies. A small hole in his white vest, fringed in red, marked the end. It was almost more than Jacob Creath, Jr. could take.

When it came time for him to die himself, he said there were two things that grieved him. First, he had done so little good; second, he had done so many wrong things.

Creath is a good example of how brethren can differ on opinions and methods and still accept each other and work together. When the missionary society became an issue, he was not only a staunch opponent but criticized Campbell for supporting it, insisting that he had changed his position of earlier years. Most of the pioneers with whom he labored accepted the society as part of the natural progression from New Testament times. They differed and argued about it, but they did not make it a test of fellowship. The real issue was the nature of the church. Campbell eventually reached the position that the church was *more* than the sum total of congregations, which meant that a society created by those churches would also be the church, not "a human organization," as the opponents insisted, including Creath.

He was not one to keep records. He did not know how many he had baptized, but it is evident that they numbered in the thousands. Many churches in the Midwest, especially in Kentucky and Missouri, owe their beginning to him. And as with so many poor preachers, he labored at great personal sacrifice. He was offended that Robert Richardson said so little of

his labors in his momumental *Memoirs of Alexander Campell,* referring to him only when it was unavoidable, as he complained to the doctor. While it is true that Dr. Richardson says much more about Jacob Creath, *Sr.* than of *Jr.*, noting that Henry Clay esteemed the former the greatest orator he ever heard, it is unlikely that so magnanimous a man as Robert Richardson would deliberately slight any person. After all, the doctor had quite a story to tell.

But why should Jacob Creath, Jr. care? The angels kept score for him, and what a celebration they must have had for him, funeral or no funeral. If those old brethren in Palmyra, Mo. who laid his body to rest amidst the tall pines of the countryside had stopped to listen, they might have heard the angelic commotion. No funeral? No way! — *the Editor*

Pilgrimage of Joy . . . No. 47

THE DAWN OF THE 1970's

W. Carl Ketcherside

One of the great regions of our land is that which has been designated Appalachia. It is ill-defined and no one can tell where it begins or ends, or where its boundaries are. It was fortunate in being settled by a people who were often poor but proud, and who were adept in adjusting themselves to wringing a living from the impoverished hill land on which their little farms were snuggled. These settlers were independent, resenting intrusion from the outside and keeping alive their traditions regardless of cost.

One of these was the Appalachian Preaching Mission. All of the evangelical congregations in and around Johnson City, Tennessee join together for a week of proclamation once per year. That is, all but the Church of Christ. Services are held at noon in a downtown theater, and at night in the field house of East Tennessee State College. Businesses and industries close down at noon to give their employees an opportunity to attend the meetings. A different person presides each day, including the mayor, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the president of the college, the head coach of football, etc. Ushers are drawn from various civic groups. One day the Lions Club, the next the police and firemen, the next the Rotary Club. It is a unique situation providing an opportunity for a united effort in proclaiming a common belief in Jesus Christ in spite of differences in dogma and doctrine.

In 1970 I was selected to be the noonday speaker. I delivered five addresses. There were 450 present for each of these. At night, Dr. Walter Judd, Kenneth Chafin, John Anderson, C. M. Ward, and Wayne Smith spoke in turn. It was the kind of thing which could happen only in this area of rugged individualism. I was invited by the president of the college

to sit in a meeting of the entire faculty group and make suggestions as to how to deal with the problem of student rebellion. I was amazed to see the deep spiritual commitment of many of the faculty. The meeting began with prayer which I was asked to direct.

One day I was being interviewed over the local television station when the show was caught by the football coach. He called the studio and arranged to pick me up when I went off the air. I went to the school where the football players were in session. He introduced me and I spoke to them for fifteen minutes, witnessing to them what Jesus had done in my life. I then took their questions. I went to dinner with two students who wanted to talk with me. One was a lad who was a half-Jewish kid. He wanted to know how he could obtain what I seemed to have, an unflappable ability to face whatever garbage life flung in my direction with a smile. He confessed to me that he had tried drugs, done the sex bit, and was now trying to find his identity and the answers to life by being into the comtemplative, meditative, esoteric Far-East religions. I told him that he could stare at his navel until the sun went down and never find anything revealed except a thread or a raveling, but if he saw Jesus as I did, he would have to get up off his haunches, put his clothes on and start marching. He would have to be a part of the personal answer to the world's woes and problems.

One week later I was at a convocation of college and career young people at French Lick, Indiana. It was held in the great resort hotel which was built in the days when this was one of the outstanding spas in the United States. The wealthy came in their private railroad cars to take the baths. Although the luxury had somewhat faded since it had become a convention hotel, it was still fancier than anything most of us had ever seen. We ate together, talked together, and prayed together. Our lives were refreshed by men of stature who had prepared well. I was resource man in the scriptures. On Sunday morning we partook of the Lord's Supper at our respective tables. Each little group of twelve participated as they wished. There were 644 enrolled for the affair. It was the largest group which had ever attended this annual event, sponsored by Christians Unlimited. One of the highlights for me was to see Jim Bevis, who came to stay with me during the sessions. The one time I had seen him before he was a minister of education at Broadview Church in Lubbock. Bill Banowsky was the minister.

I went next to Santa Ana, California, and the First Christian Church, a beautiful structure, presided over by Gerald S. Bash and James Stock. My theme was "A New Look at the Book of Acts." But it was the "extra meetings" in which I found the greatest enjoyment. Most of these were set up by "Skip" Stock, a restless bundle of energy who was always looking for new worlds to conquer. We went directly from my plane to a beautiful

restaurant for a private meeting with a brilliant attorney who was a skeptic at the time. It was while discussing with him that I first affirmed that the source of all authority could not be limited by the authority which proceeded from him, and that we cannot bind God by the commands which he gave to bind us, realizing that He is sovereign. I made use of the fact that Jesus said that all authority was given to him in heaven and on earth, but Paul declared that God excepted Himself from that authority.

Each night after meeting those who wished to do so retired to the beautiful lounge which was on the grounds, and I answered questions until 10:30 o'clock. The time was never long enough. A tragic thing had recently occurred. Pat and Shirley Boone and their lovely daughters had lately been excluded from the fellowship of their congregation because of their growing conviction that the Holy Spirit worked in our generation as he did in the primitive church. The elders of the Church of Christ in Santa Ana had commissioned their preacher to go and try to restore Pat and Shirley "to the fold." During the process he also "received the baptism of the Holy Spirit," according to his testimony, so he was also excluded. He attended several of my meetings. All of this was fresh on the minds of the people and most of the questions dealt with that subject.

One morning just as we were preparing to open with a prayer a two-hour session for questioning, nine preachers from the Churches of Christ filed in and lined up on the back seat. They were as solemn as a convention of undertakers. It was evident that they had come for a shoot-out at the old corral. It began immediately. The first one led off with a question intended to trip me up. But I saw through the ruse and answered it. The second followed to take advantage of the first. I fielded every ball that was thrown. For some reason I never felt more at ease. I have never been more comfortable. It was obvious the preachers were losing ground and they became more sarcastic and bitter as the tide of battle flowed against them. Finally, one of them gave the others a signal a few minutes before closing time and they all arose and filed out. I invited them to remain for refreshments but they ignored me. When they had gone someone in the audience let out a loud "Whew!"

Three days later I was on the beautiful coast of Oregon at Newport. Robert Church was the minister. The little city was noted for its ocean fishing and surfing. The congregation had experienced serious trials and a great deal of internal strife in the past but all was peaceable at the time. We had a varied audience for both morning and evening meetings. The local Lutheran minister, the Assembly of God preacher, two Catholic priests, a nun, and several others came regularly. It was at Newport I first met Stanley McDaniel. He was a college professor in northern California. Later he did his doctoral thesis on my life and preaching at Indiana State University. It was also a real blessing to meet the family of my aged

brother George Hendrix. A number of them came and took over a small motel and stayed for the entire study. Brother Hendrix was an old time pioneer schoolteacher. He knew Daniel Sommer, A. M. Morris, and S. O. Pool, names from my own distant past.

One visit I made probably deserves mention. It was to the Abilene Christian College Lectureship. Brother Garrett and I were together. I was invited to speak one night at Southwest Park Christian Church, by Alvin Houser, who was serving as minister. The place was filled almost thirty minutes before the time appointed. A goodly number of professors from the school, together with several visiting speakers, joined with a large delegation of students who were present. I spoke on "Solving Problems of Long Division" and threw it open to the audience for questions. There was not a single untoward minute. On my return I stopped off in Arlington for an address at the Holiday Inn. There were representatives from 17 congregations in attendance, and most were friendly.

It was a notable event for me when I was invited to address the Prairie Young Peoples Association meeting held at Missoula, Montana. This outstanding group celebrated its golden anniversary several years ago. It is made up of Christian youth from the prairie provinces of Canada and from the top tier of states in the United States. There are always friends from other states and provinces in attendance. The meeting at Missoula began in the Snow Bowl Ski Lodge far above the city. It was snowing hard, and after the initial session and snack lunch, taken while sitting on the floor in front of a hugh fireplace, it required a snowplow preceding us to get down to the Florence Hotel where everything else took place.

Workshops were carried on all day Saturday, and I made a speech at the lovely banquet that evening. Sunday morning everyone was up early and the Lord's Day meeting was held so that before noon the attendants could be started on the long trek back to their homes. Each one was provided with a sack lunch. I found myself greatly encouraged to know so many fine young people. The world seemed a little safer for having them.

During the last month of 1970 I went to Houston, Texas for a forum of fellowship. As there was no church building where all could attend we opted for a neutral place, and secured the auditorium of Lanier Junior High School for the night sessions. Noonday meetings were held in the Downtown Y.M.C.A. and provided an opportunity for everyone to ask the questions which they considered worthy. The meetings were attended by representatives of all the churches, but no announcement of them was made publicly by the ministers.

This was the first of two such attempts, and we reached various kinds of Churches of Christ, Christian Churches, and Disciples of Christ, with the message of peace. Some met for the first time and learned they lived on the same street. The second time I invited Ervin Waters to handle the

questions with me. I have never worked with a better brother. He was sharp as a tack, having honed his mind through years of debating. It was a real privilege to be associated with him, and we have cemented our friendship as the years have come and gone.

I presented my thoughts for the year in a bound volume of the paper called "Our Living Pattern." At the conclusion of one of the articles I wrote: "If we can ever sense that Christianity is not a law but a life, that it is not a sacrifical code imposed from on high but the sharing in our lot of a God who came down from above, our fears will give way to faith, and our heartaches to hope. We will cease to ride herd on God's sheep and be willing to follow in the steps of the Shepherd. We will substitute the law of love for our love of law, and see the God of goodness demonstrated in all of the goodness of God as manifested unto us.

THE LEGACY WE BEAR

Robert Meyers

It is a bitter experience to realize anew how one must occasionally bear on his shoulders the mistakes of his past. This is especially true when one has renounced that past, and sought to atone for it but still finds he must sometimes groan under its burden.

I felt this keenly once when a group of singers from the Riverside Church of Christ in Wichita appeared one Sunday night in the chapel of a large Masonic Retirement Home for thirty minutes of hymn singing. I had not identified the group denominationally when I set up the program, for two reasons: first, I had no interest in having credit go to any particular segment of Christendom, but only to Christians in general; and, second, I feared that if I identified us by name it would diminish our chances of getting to perform the service. The Church of Christ has been harshly critical of the Masonic order, as of almost every order besides itself, and I feared that a too-quick identification of our people might bring a courteous but firm, "No thank you, we are all booked up." So I said merely that we were a group of Christians who wished to sing for the folk in the Home. I assured the lady in charge that the singers were excellent and that they would present an enjoyable program. I had no fears about that.

This was enough, and the program was set up. When we arrived, nearly one hundred were present to listen. I met our hostess, a gracious and poised lady. She was, however, obviously upset about something, and I soon realized what had happened. She had discovered that we were Church of Christ people and she was obviously fearful of what we might be planning to do.

This will be painful to some, I suppose, but the plain truth is that she was dismayed and uncertain about our possible motivation. She tried hard

to keep me from knowing what was bothering her. "May I introduce them as the Robert Meyers Singers?" she asked me. I could not help laughing at the hilarity of that title, since I cannot carry a tune and never mar the effect by joining very audibly in song with the group. I told her that they did not permit me to spoil good music, that my connection was as a friend, but I knew she was trying anything to avoid introducing the group as Church of Christ singers, so I simply brought it out into the open.

"You are fearful that we may say a few words about why this piano over here is sinful, aren't you?" I asked her, smiling as I did so. Sensing my sympathy with her plight, she relaxed and agreed that this was true. I felt it was time for a short course in candor. I told her that we understood her concern and that we were not typical of what she might have encountered in the past, promised that we meant to say nothing at all, and said again that our only interest was to edify and comfort our friends in the audience with lovely Christian hymns. I explained that we were not exclusive or dogmatic and that for this very reason we were not even recognized by most Churches of Christ in the city. She tried to be politely restrained, but her relief was plain to see.

I was sure that the quality of the singing would prove some things, and it did. It was lovely, and the elderly listeners were immensely pleased. But I brooded long, afterwards, over the handicap we had to overcome. One does sometimes grow weary of answering "Church of Christ" to a questioner, noting the sudden wary look, and then trying patiently to explain, "But we do not believe that we are the only Christians . . ."

The legacy can be painful, and as one of our fine young couples in the group said later, when one feels that the old dogmatic way is right, he doesn't care what other groups think of him. He is right and they are wrong, and if they don't listen, they'll wake up in the hot place someday and realize they were in error all along. But when one quits seeing it that way, and tries to undo the havoc of his past arrogance and the acrimonious debates, he suddenly sees how vast a residue of ill will our people have created in the world.

We know perfectly well, of course, that the image is not *entirely* accurate and tends to become stereotyped, just like *our* responses to other folk. But we mustn't let that remove the sting. This lady would have been equally nervous about a few other authoritarian religious groups I could mention, but that doesn't help me much. I also know that visits by certain other church groups would not worry her at all, for she would be able to rely on their discretion and their tolerance for those who differed with them.

We may as well admit that we shall be a long while removing this legacy. It is lodged deeply in the minds of many who have had close associations with us, and it will not pass away overnight. Changes are

taking place — one is glad to say it — but a generation may yet pass before all the animosity is removed. Meanwhile, the wise course is to be courteous, to act with dignity and restraint, to convey our genuine regard and affection for *all* whom we would serve, to avoid seizing upon every conceivable opportunity for insisting on our own set of traditions, and to bend over backwards to avoid any hint of party-serving.

In time, that course will win. The older generation will pass on and with them will go the bitterness and distrust we generated in our days of partisan strife and debating. I rather wish, when I think of it, that I could be twenty-five years younger so that I might live a little longer in that new atmosphere, but it is a happy thought to know that it is coming inevitably.

READERS EXCHANGE

The current series on using the mind is so important — in our faith as well as in all areas of our lives. I hope you are being heard. — *Lee A. Miller, 923 S. Providence, Columbus, Mo. 65201*

The Jail Episode

I was back at the Disciples of Christ Historical Society last week and I read a Ph.D. thesis which had been done on the 1969 lecture series at Freed-Hardeman, at which I was present. I was interested to learn from this thesis that you had been jailed in Henderson for attempting to speak at the lectures several years ago. It was certainly brave of you to try to speak out there and I admire your courage and conviction. — *Name withheld*

(I met this young lady while both of us were doing research at DCHS in Nashville, and we found instant friendship in both Jesus and history. In further research she has learned that her new friend is a jailbird, jailed by the authorities of Freed-Hardeman College. Without passing judgment as to why *any* university would allow a Ph.D. thesis on an FHC lectureship, I will only say that the Ph.D. did not do his research on that particular episode. I *was* jailed, true, but not for trying to speak at the lectureship. One official said my crime was in being there, even though I was invited along with other alumni of the college. The arresting officer, who read the warrant, at my request, with hundreds standing by, said it was for "disturbing the peace," a charge that was withdrawn after a night in the cooler. Lawyers in both Tennessee and Dallas told me I could sue for false arrest, but I decided against it. I had too much fun in jail to hold anything against anybody, and all is forgiven, even if they never asked. But if our scholars are going to be writing about it, they ought to get the facts straight. I did not "try" to do anything that was illegal or out of order. The most amusing part of it all was when I was taken out to eat under armed guard, which was quite a sight in Henderson, Tennessee. The officers allowed me to call Ouida from the restaurant. When I told her what was up, she responded with a hearty What??? Jimmie Lovell afterwards described it in his paper as the most disgraceful thing ever to happen in the Chruch of Christ, or some such words. I always viewed it as an irrational act motivated by fear, and since I sort of understood, it never bothered me much. — *Ed.*)

Your freedom from partyism prompts this letter. From reading your journal we are aware of only a few of the difficulties you have had from persons in the Church of Christ because of your refusal to be a party to the Church of Christ concept of brotherhood. My husband and I have recently been exposed to the response that the "establishment" makes when its beliefs and traditions are questioned. The reaction to our belief that there are Christians in other church groups and that the Church of Christ is not the "only church" was shocking. We were called false teachers and anti-Christ. We find it increasingly difficult to continue being part of a group which allows no room for differences. The only unity they understand is agreement with their interpretation. Having come from a Church of Christ background, we know how right they feel they are. Our problem is knowing how best to serve. — *Name withheld, Texas*

(I suggested to these people that their circumstance has given them the opportunity to be Christ-like in a special way, for this is the way Jesus was treated, and for similar reasons. Apart from looking to Jesus, I haven't much of an answer to such a predicament, which is not uncommon among us. — *Ed.*)

BOOK NOTES

Coping With Difficult People by Paul Schmidt tells you how to understand and deal with personality problems. The author has names for folk you have to deal with, such as *emotional cripples, the doormat, Narcissus, the arrogant accuser, the relentless detective, the worrywart, the loner, the pseudo-intellectual, poor me,* etc. You may be reading about yourself before you are through, for all of us are sometimes difficult. 5.50 postpaid.

Dr. James C. Dobson's films and books are becoming so popular that he has become a celebrity. His latest book, *Straight Talk to Men and Their Wives,* shoots from the hip, and yet it is sensitive and humorous. He tells a man how to relate to his wife, what it really means to be a man. The chapters on a man and his wife and a man and his God are especially relevant. He even deals with a man and his death. 8.95 postpaid.

W. Robert Palmer, a scholar in the Christian Church, has produced a very resourceful, scriptural work on *What the Bible Says About Faith and Opinion.* Drawing helpfully from our pioneers as well as the Bible, he provides principles for unity and fellowship. Part of the book deals with a most neglected area, *precedent,* in which he shows the place of examples in scripture. 13.50 postpaid.

Ernst Kasemann, now retired from University of Tuebingen in Germany, is one of the foremost New Testatment scholars, and if you want to study (not just read) a weighty treatment and yet understandable of *Romans,* this is it. Overall it deals not only with *Romans* but with Paul's entire thought. It is entirely too high at 22.50, but then again this is a Kasemann and 428 pages.

A much humbler treatment of *Romans,* and a most significant one for Church of Christ people, is K. C. Moser's *The Gist of Romans,* which has lately been under considerable fire since it is being studied by our folk who are recovering the doctrine of grace. Written back in 1957, it is probably now having its greatest impact, attacking as it does our "law-gospel" preaching. *The Way of Salvation* by the same author is a companion volume. They are 4.95 each postpaid.

We have a one-volume edition of *Johnson's Notes* for only 10.00 pp., which is probably the most popular commentary on the NT ever studied by our people, the old reliable.

The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah by Alfred Edersheim (2 vols. in 1, 1500 pages) is described as the most important general work on the life of Christ in our language, and it is a library within itself. We advertised this fine volume in our January number at 14.95. It has since gone out of print and back in print again, the new price being 18.95 postpaid. But since this book is several books in one, it is still a bargain.

The Scott-Walters Exchange on the Authenticity of the Church of Christ is a discussion between two preachers on whether the "Church of Christ" is what it claims to be. If you wish a copy, send a dollar to Buff Scott, 1003 Pilot Ave., Cherokee, Io. 51012.